THE COMMONWEAL

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THE THINGS BEHIND THE WORDS

NOW that the acceptance speeches of the presidential candidates have been made, the most fundamentally important political campaign since that of Lincoln really begins. In attempting to contribute its share to the study and discussion of the things behind the words of Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith, The Commonweal—which is independent politically, and the chief purpose of which is to coöperate sincerely and effectively with all political, social, and intellectual forces which, according to its best judgment, are beneficial to the nation as a whole—would first of all declare its conviction that the speeches proved what most thoughtful people believed before they were uttered, namely, that either Secretary Hoover or Governor Smith would be a chief executive that the nation might trust, respect and safely follow.

This fundamental faith registered, The Commonweal must with equal force state its belief that both men have transcended the platform principles of their parties, and represent, through their own largeness of experience, force of character, strength of talents, and the things that will be expected from their leadership in the event of the election of one or the other, a clear-cut and fundamental difference of national policy on several primary points. And The Commonweal cannot escape the further conviction that in what Governor Smith has said concerning those points it finds much more to agree with, much more to welcome and to support, than in the words of Secretary Hoover.

In the first place, Governor Smith frankly and courageously offers views, and much more than mere views, a great program of constructive action, regarding the most serious issue now confronting the people—namely, prohibition. Unfortunately, what Secretary Hoover has to say on this paramount issue is affected with vagueness, with ambiguity. While it is accepted in the main as supporting the ultra-prohibition doctrine, we find many of his supporters trying to make out a case for a wet tinge to Secretary Hoover. Those who believe him committed to the most drastic kind of prohibition doctrine are already declaring against him even within the high leadership of his own party—notably, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. The report of the Episcopal clergy on the evils of prohibition supports Dr. Butler's views.

Governor Smith, on the contrary, boldly, firmly, honestly and constructively makes himself unmistakably plain. As President, he will enforce the existing laws—and really enforce them up to the limit of possibility. That will be his duty; he declares that he has never shirked a duty, and he never will. At the same time, because he believes that there should be changes

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both in the prohibition amendment to the constitution and in the enforcement laws, he also will do his duty as President in recommending to Congress such measures as will effect the changes which he deems necessary and expedient to bring about the chief reform that American life at present cries out for. In doing this, we agree—as millions of men and women of both political parties will agree—with Governor Smith, that he is raising what he and they "profoundly believe to be a great moral issue involving the righteousness of our national conduct and the protection of our children's morals." To those who believed that Governor Smith would advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, it will certainly appear that the most constructive part of his entire prohibition program is the retention of the Amendment in order to give the full power of federal aid to those states which desire to remain dry. The difficulty in all "state option" programs up to now has found its crux right here—the lack of protection against shipments from other states. The Smith program meets this difficulty honestly and clearly.

The equally precise statement and program of policy made by Governor Smith in relation to foreign affairs, particularly in regard to Latin America, is consonant with principles advocated by this journal since its establishment. The distrust and dislike unnecessarily produced in the republics to the south by imperialistic tactics in the past, and by much stupid blundering on the part of both political parties, can be lessened and at last done away with by the pursuance of the obviously fair, American policy advocated by Governor Smith. The test question is, of course, Mexico. Fear had been widely expressed that Governor Smith, if elected, would threaten our peaceful relations with that country because of the religious situation. Nobody can doubt his position now, save the bigots who will trust no man whose religion is that professed by the Democratic candidate.

As for the agricultural issue, the tariff, public utilities, the attitude toward labor, and other issues, there is less contrast, and while the relative merits of both programs will no doubt be keenly debated throughout the campaign, particularly the agricultural issue, it is our belief that the two other issues, and particularly prohibition, will be paramount.

There remains still another issue, graver than all—the religious issue. On this, Governor Smith is silent. Secretary Hoover makes a noble affirmation of a fundamental principle of Americanism in his statement regarding religious liberty, and upholds "the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." But ominous signs have multiplied indicating that many thousands of Americans are fully prepared to violate the spirit if not the letter of the constitution by stirring up and organizing political opposition to Governor Smith because he is a Catholic. Everybody knows that fact. The Commonweal does not nor will it give its support to Governor Smith because he is a Catholic—but it does and must stand with those men and women of many religious faiths or opinions who condemn and oppose the efforts now palpable and increasing to make a man's religious belief a black mark against his political career.

If these efforts really represent a wide-spread movement within both parties, threatening to divide them as the prohibition question has done, then the gravest issue that will face the voting public will be the all-important question of their own personal behavior in such a tremendous crisis. For, as all history proves, a religious issue is the most fundamental and momentous of all the issues that trouble and divide and embitter men and women in their inter-relations with each other as citizens. It will be needless to recall to educated people the tragic pages that record the religious wars and persecutions of the past, and the perhaps no less disastrous consequences to society that have accompanied and followed after all acute phases of religious controversies even when they fell short of physical violence. All such should and doubtless will appreciate the gravity of this problem. They must become, so far as they are able to become, examples of prudence, calmness, fairness and fidelity to American principles for the benefit of that portion of the uneducated masses whose instinctive emotional life seems to be saturated with the toxins of religious prejudice, which kindle into sinister activity when stirred up by any one of the score of catch words that have the power to arouse atavistic fears.

There are, it is true, lesser questions surrounding the fundamental one, which to some degree obscure the issue. For example, it cannot and should not be doubted (particularly by Catholics) that many citizens who ordinarily would vote for a Democratic candidate, Catholic or non-Catholic, will not do so this year because of their mistaken but doubtless honest view of the fundamental importance of maintaining the strictest sort of prohibition; while there may be others to whom that issue would not be decisive but to whom the fact that Governor Smith is a member of Tammany Hall would be the paramount consideration. But it is certain that a large number who, for various reasons —political prudence, or, let us hope, a sense of shame —are not openly avowing that they are opposing him on religious grounds, are, as a matter of fact, doing precisely that. Others openly raise the religious issue. Secretary Hoover has disassociated himself, both in his acceptance speech and in his speech in New Mexico —standing on soil saturated with the blood of those Catholic martyrs who brought the seeds of civilization and culture to this country—from such support. Catholics of both political parties, it seems to us, will and must recognize with satisfaction the fact that those who have raised this issue do not represent their political parties or the main body of the reputable citizens, and for their part will remain content to let this question be decided by those citizens of all forms of religion who intend that the great American doctrine of genuine religious liberty shall remain a fact.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IN HIS speech accepting the presidential nomination of the Prohibition party, William F. Varney of New York said that Governor Smith had "taken the oath of office many times to uphold the constitution of the United States, and as Governor of the Empire state I fail to see that he has done much, if anything, to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment." "But," he added, "in this respect Governor Smith is in the same position as President Coolidge, who took the oath of office to uphold the constitution and who was charged directly with this task," and who "disregarded his oath and failed" to do it. He might have added many other names, those of dry and wet executives alike. For instance, there was Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, a sincere dry, nominated and elected as a dry and certainly not only honest but vigorous and enthusiastic. Prohibition was enforced under him with precisely the same results as under Governor Smith and President Coolidge. Mr. Varney thinks Mr. Coolidge "disregarded his oath." Under him the government has been spending $30,000,000 a year to enforce a law impossible of enforcement.

AND yet, though Governor Smith has done exactly what all other Governors and two Presidents have done in the matter of prohibition enforcement, he is frequently singled out as the only executive who has "failed" to enforce the unenforceable. The only distinction between him and the others is that the Republican legislature of New York passed a bill repealing the state law on the subject, and that the Governor, instead of vetoing this act of the people's representatives, signed it. If he had vetoed it there would have been no great change in the matter of enforcing the unenforceable in New York. What great difference is there, for instance, between enforcement in Pennsylvania under the militant dry, Governor Pinchot, and enforcement there under his successor, Governor Fisher, who is not at all militant? The only difference is that under Governor Fisher there have not been so many fruitless and irritating raids—raids which merely annoyed the Pennsylvania brewers a trifle and made it a little harder to get a drink in the raided city for twenty-four hours or so.

PROSPERITY (assuming that there has really been such a thing) seems to have escaped all the infections of a presidential year. Business forecasts agree that the deportment of 1928 will be considerably more exemplary than was the behavior of 1927. The automobile industry has been dealing with a generous and acquisitive public, steel has been in great demand, and building continues virtually unabated. More important is the improvement in agriculture and the industries immediately dependent upon it. All has not been lovely for the farmer, but in general bumper crops are likely to survive the effects of heavy storms. The farmer, in turn, has conferred upon the implement business a volume of trade which brings joy to the heart of every manufacturer of tractors et cetera. One result of the unruffled scheme of things is, perhaps, the optimism with which financiers view the coming political situation. The Chicago Journal of Commerce sees "no distinctive business reason for supporting one party against the other"; and most of the periodicals which reflect the desires of Wall Street agree with this verdict. Certain groups of workers are, of course, affected by evil circumstance. New England's textiles, the debate around which has been centering at New Bedford, do not look hopeful, and the coal industry is as dark as ever. In neither case, however, can political fortune promise any notable amelioration.

A MILLION dollars looks like a great deal of money to spend on a sightseeing tour of the regions around the South Pole, but Commander Byrd plans to spend that much and, what is more, has already itemized the bill. Ships and aircraft, dogs and scientific instruments, salaries and wages, all figure in a budget that would have seemed liberal to the Armada admiral. The popularity of the Commander and his idea is such that every cent needed will surely be forthcoming. But is the expenditure justified? It is not easy to say "Yes" unless you make an important concession. You must be willing to declare that one of the best ways in which human beings can expend their money is for the purpose of exploring the unknown—for the sake of knowledge. Mankind does not yet possess a complete picture of the icy southland. It wants one, not because any route to gain lies in the

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offing, or because national ambitions will be satisfied, but simply because it has a hunger for knowing. We hope that this deeper significance of the Byrd expedition will come home to all who give, and all who follow the narrative of the cruise as that is unfolded. For, despite numerous exemplary exceptions, Americans generally do not yet appreciate the sacredness of discovery, of untainted intellectual effort. Let assistance to the polar expedition suggest aid to the scholar burrowing in the history of the Merovingians—or even to the student puzzling over the memorials of Christian poets and saints.

COLLECTING evidence to show the revival of energy in Germany is an easy pastime at which anybody can succeed. Particularly striking, however, is the launching of the Europa, described as the largest and finest liner the Germans have ever built, and therefore the most colossal ship afloat. During the summer of 1919, the Reich navy—commercial and otherwise—looked very like absolute zero. Great boats by the dozen had been scuttled or transferred to other nations, the flag to which Von Klee and others had given a tradition of the sea as genuine as any ever earned by a Viking seemed destined to disappear indefinitely. Now a fresh triumph has been gained, and still another vessel—sister to the Europa—is to be launched soon. One may find this event instructive from many points of view, but possibly it suggests in a very special way the opportunity for coöperation between the Germans and the French. The last, immemorial and first-class navigators, go around the world as fishermen and doughty barterers, but they lack the organizing and mechanistic skill which the Germans carry so well into commercial navigation. Does not this suggest two aptitudes, two forms of endeavor, which complement each other and which, if once divorced from military and political scheming, can be joined for the betterment of European conditions?

THE political "strategy" of Governor Smith, which so bewilders his adversaries in every campaign, has never been so keenly analyzed as it was in one sentence, uttered by Senator Robinson, the vice-presidential candidate, in a speech recently made in Arkansas. He said: "He towers above mediocrity, scorns dissimulation, and takes the public into his confidence." That is actually all there is to it, and Smith's strategy will wait a long time for a more complete and accurate description. The reason why it always disconcerts his adversaries is not that there is anything mysterious or cunning about it, but that it is unusual; and the unusual is a hard thing to plan against. A certain amount of "dissimulation" is not only allowed to politicians, but expected of them; it is admitted that a candidate must always have the right to some mental reservations in what he says publicly. A candidate is expected to "take the public into his confidence" to some extent, but only in a way which will advance his and the party's interests. This is so universally the understanding that it is no wonder Smith invariably baffles his opponents. Incidentally, Senator Robinson was speaking out of a personal acquaintance with the Governor, and not guessing.

STATISTICS upon tourist travel in Canada compiled recently by the Department of Commerce of the dominion are somewhat of an eye-opener. Revenue derived from this traffic has risen from an aggregate of $83,734,000 in 1920 to a total of $260,000,000 in 1927, and of this enormous sum visitors from the United States are rated as responsible for $200,000,000—in other words, for more than a quarter of the entire sum ($761,000,000) spent by our citizenry on travel outside national boundaries during the period in question. The scenic attractions of Canada are very great. Proximity and the advantages (more or less) of a common language must not be neglected in explaining the phenomenon. Nor are we of those who regard each and every expedition taken north of the Lakes as motivated primarily by thirst. Nevertheless we recommend the above figures to those whose concern is prosperity south of them, and invite them to consider whether a considerable part of the exported revenue they represent might not have remained with us if a law which lays heavy and ruthless hands upon what was a habit of life, never more natural and legitimate than during vacation time, did not point the northward route as a means of escape into temporary sanity and freedom.

ONE can hardly doubt that United States citizens grow constantly more avid for what is termed "culture." The fortune of the lecturer is made as a result, but even the most eloquent of those who declaim from the platform cannot avoid sending their listeners off to books. How to supply the public with these has become a vast and intricate problem. For one reason or another people are not yet accustomed to purchasing books with the same nonchalance that they display in buying theatre tickets or ukuleles. The library remains, even more than it should, the backbone of the national educational advance. It must be admitted that no department of our national service is more energetic or idealistic. Every day brings news of fresh ideas and exploits in the field. State libraries report increased appropriations; county library legislation exists in many states, and is being advocated in others; traveling book shelves even are increasing in number. The citizen who profits by such varied and unselfish arrangements should not begrudge an occasional contribution to the cause. After all, Mr. Carnegie did only a part of the work.

DIFFICULTIES of enlarging parish life increase when the parish limits are determined by the arbitrary lines of city streets rather than by the natural boundaries of a town or hamlet. There the pastor and his

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assistants are in more or less close touch with all parishioners. But in large cities, where parishes are surrounded by others, the overworked priests find the vineyards ripe but the laborers too few. It is impossible for them, efficient and zealous though they are, to cope with the numerous cases which cry for attention. It is to fill this gap that the religious order of Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate was canonically established in New York City with the approval and blessing of the Cardinal Archbishop. The field of endeavor of the Parish Visitor is such as to attract ardent souls who feel drawn to the social service apostolate. They visit families to assist them; maintain Catholic family life; alleviate poverty by remedying the cause; give help in sickness; find homes for orphans, the aged and the infirm; supply immediate wants in a needy family; hold religious instruction classes; bring stray Catholics back to church or induce them to join church societies; guide and assist immigrants; direct young people to helpful clubs and wholesome recreation; visit jails and rescue the wayward; distribute helpful literature and religious articles; and promote the rosary and home devotions. The sisters of this home missionary community are entirely self-supporting. They accept nothing from the families they visit nor from the people they help. Surely a work of such magnitude should lead all well-disposed persons to assist in every way.

THOSE remarkable objects, the relics of the so-called "mound builders," have long been looked upon as the work of men certainly pre-Columbian, and probably of much greater antiquity than need be connoted by that term. Nor is there much doubt that at least a large number belong to a time before the advent of white men to this country. But that all of them date so far back is now shown to be inaccurate by the excavations carried out very recently at Joilet, Illinois, by Professor Fay-Cooper Cole of the University of Chicago, in the course of which he has found, in company with a large number of Indian skeletons, quite modern objects, including a crucifix, bangles and knives with a French trade-mark, these things being not merely scattered all through the mound but actually in the ground beneath to a depth of five feet under its base. The inference as to date is obvious and conclusive.

PARENTS who spend weary nights puzzling over school catalogues sent with a view to enticing John or Margaret may take comfort in the fact that, compared with conditions prevailing a hundred years ago, a general average of intellectual excellence has been attained. It is true that the changes are not all improvements. We read that in 1805 the "average weekly cost of board" at the Lansingburgh Academy was "for females, $1.50" a slightly higher charge being exacted of the males. One school of that far-off epoch was advertised as a place where "a room is devoted to the instruction of young ladies in the refinements of the needle"—a room for which many a modern young husband has, presumably enough, sighed aloud. Another "select boarding school" refined the program with instruction "in the use of globes, and making Artificial Flowers." Many of the teachers, it seems, were extraordinarily versatile. In 1785 the master of a New York "seminary" appended to the list of the subjects he was prepared to teach the announcement that he had quantities of "strong English beer" to dispose of. Many a professor of grammar or Greek regretted that, unlike several of his compeers, he was unable to give lessons in dancing and politeness. The heavy hand of Dr. Timothy Dwight came down upon the whole "charming system" and virtually prepared the way for the serious scholastic endeavors of today. Fancy a modern instructor turning aside to teach "steps," or advertising beer!

A NEW magazine, like another hot day, is hardly a topic for writers who, even as ourselves, are unequipped for talking about nothing. But the first copy of Order, which purports to be "an occasional Catholic review," is a real—indeed, it is almost an astounding—exception. During recent years we seem to have noticed a fatal tendency on the part of diverse English Catholic organs of opinion to go on napping, content with a reputation for traditional greatness. As a result the novelists of the Faith have well-nigh died out in Britain, Newman could hardly find his shadow, and there prevails (apart, naturally, from the Chesterbelloc and the Oxford priests) a stuffiness of temper which one defines best by saying that when the Anglicans discuss social reform they say all the things which Catholics ought to shout aloud and never do. All this has been distinctly disappointing to us Americans, who were so humbly aware of the many things suggested by the English Catholic renaissance that we overlooked with a smile the diverse badly informed comments upon ourselves. Of course Order does not look, from this distance, like a full-fledged reform. It is as yet too completely fed up with its neighbors. But it is a real sign of life, to which from this point beyond the waters we send a greeting and some thanksgiving for a display of courage, intelligence and faith.

THE rapidity with which Christianity spread during the first century of its life, in a world where communications had no help from mechanics, will always be matter for marvel. As early as the year 56 A.D., the Christian community in Rome is cited as important by Saint Paul, and the apostle is contemplating carrying his activities to Spain. At the beginning of the second century Bithynia and Pontus are "profoundly Christianized." At the same epoch the Emperor Hadrian reports "numerous Christians" in Egypt. Local pride and the desire to claim a quite unauthentic antiquity is probably responsible for many exaggerations. Father Amann makes short work of the story that Abgar IX, king of the little kingdom of Edessa

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on the borders of Parthia, corresponded with the Saviour Himself, and sees nothing but a pious fable in the legend of the mission of Saint James in Spain. But enough is left at which to wonder. Possibly if we knew more of the state of mind of the common people (and not of the poets and philosophers) of the ancient world, we should be in a position to know what human conditions were mainly responsible, under God, for this intensive tempo in diffusion at the very beginning. Apart altogether from the miraculous element which we, as Christians, humbly acknowledge, it is easy to imagine that the preaching of men who had known and lived with Christ had an inspirational and persuasive quality which no preaching will ever have again.

IN THAT well-known rhyme in which, until interrupted, Mr. Belloc was proceeding to enumerate those creatures whose hides are covered with hair, the porpoise is described as "that gamboling fool," and in fact naturalists seem to agree in placing it among the more stupid beasts. Dr. Langsworthy, of Johns Hopkins University, has recently been making a very detailed examination of a dozen of these sea-beasts captured off Cape Hatteras and, in his recently published memoir on the subject, makes the noteworthy observation that they possess a much larger brain and (what is even more significant) one with larger and more richly convoluted hemispheres, than man. There was once a German biologist who, foolishly confounding the unextended with the extended, wrote of thought as the secretion of the brain, as bile is of the liver. Few today would openly subscribe to so crude a statement, but essentially it is not far from the real view of the materialists of the school, for example, of Sir Arthur Keith who has recently been delivering himself on the topic of the soul. But if such be the case, what about the observation recorded above? The machine is anatomically superior in the porpoise, yet its output is very far inferior.

MATERIALISM BY EXPRESS

WE ARE still too conscious of the Chinese laundry operated by silent little men who seem to be affected only slightly by American habits and standards of living. Few realize that behind this façade of washtubs and limp shirts there stands a veritable regiment of Orientals, out of which the leadership of the China to be is gradually but surely coming. Three thousand Chinese students are taking courses in United States colleges and universities. The seclusion in which most of them live is responsible for the fact that nothing influences them half so strongly as their intellectual pursuits. They are eager to capture the secret of the bright, bustling western world; and it is small wonder they should believe this to lie in the spirit of "advancement," of "emancipation," which so large a portion of the pseudo-scientific professorate now labels as truth. The graduate takes his sheepskin back to Pekin with nothing of Christ the Saviour, nothing even of Confucius, but in the company of maxims selected from that long list of "enlighteners" which stretches from Will Durant to Harry Elmer Barnes.

And what is true of the United States is true also of Europe. Two recent articles in missionary publications—one in the Field Afar, the other in Jesuit Missions—draw a picture which is not, we believe, exaggerated or distorted. The agencies which have been most active in promoting the higher education of the Chinese are, like the Association d'Etudiants Ouvriers in France, organizations which derive their strength from socialist sources. From the extreme materialism imbibed at the University of Sun Yat Sen in Moscow to the more judicious skepticism professed at the University of London is a considerable distance, but from the Christian point of view the whole road is unattractive. We have said over and over again—all of us who are Christians—that China will be converted only when the Chinese themselves assume religious leadership. And what can be expected of the heavily burdened "foreign" missionary when the force against which he contends is a strongly class-conscious group of anti-religious intellectuals?

One way out is suggested by the work accomplished in Belgium by Father Vincent Lebbe, a veteran missionary, and his associates. A group of students have been converted and organized; Louvain and other institutions have opened their doors to these young men from afar; and a journal, one copy of which is before the writer of this notice, discusses in touching but sturdy words that new China which shall be under the dominion of Christ and His charity. It is a small and none too attractive journal, but it enshrines a germ, it lives. And there must be a new infusion of life into the whole of our attitude toward the foreigner who seeks higher education in this country. We who are Catholics need, very especially, to discard all manner of racial prejudices, of shrinking from a great task, and to see that these thousands of students are really the modern missionary problem. Nothing could be more appropriate, therefore, than the Holy Father's plea for prayer to promote "the spiritual welfare of foreign students in European and American universities."

How to solve the practical problem in the United States is a difficult question, which we do not presume to answer. It needs attention—frank study in the same spirit which ought to govern all our discussions of educational tasks. The object, rather than an a priori statement of how the object should be reached, is the point at issue. We believe the Chinese student alone is important enough to justify the existence of a special Catholic educational commission, pledged to coöperate with the missionary authorities in finding a solution. More immediately imperative is a wide reading of both articles we have mentioned, so that religious America may know how small a part of its duty is accomplished by leaving dirty collars at Sam Ying's.

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THE FARM WOMAN'S VOTE

By MARIE L. DARRACH

AS AN asset, coveted by the candidates of both political parties, the farm woman's vote is looming importantly on the horizon of the coming presidential election. Recent statistics reveal that farm women are numbered by millions. The majority are the wives and daughters of farmers, but hundreds of thousands of them own and manage their properties themselves.

In Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, as well as in several of the northwestern states, the independent farm women have been organized for years in associations of impressive membership, limited strictly to those who own at least twenty acres of land and cultivate it without the assistance of men. The original purpose of these federations was to raise the farming standards of women, to hold competitive exhibits, to encourage the breeding of fine cattle, and to work for better conditions generally. Later the organizations were used to further the cause of suffrage. And since the national enfranchisement of women in 1920, these state associations have generated a political strength which is now sufficiently vital to be engaging the attention of the campaign managers of both the Democratic and Republican nominees for the Presidency of the United States.

There were fifteen farm women with the delegation at Kansas City, and ten prominent women farmers from the Middle-West spoke their minds, either officially or unofficially, at the Democratic convention at Houston. Each one was the owner of a real "dirt" farm, raising cattle, hogs and corn. Each was the spokeswoman of thousands of independent farm women at home, to whom agrarian problems are vital issues. They represented a well-defined constituency in their appeals to theCommittees of Resolutions which were considering the McNary-Haugen relief bill as a plank in their platforms. The failure of both the Republicans and the Democrats to meet the farmers' demands or give them any satisfactory substitute for the pet nostrum of the Committee of Twenty-two—the equalization fee—has left the farming population of the country wrought up and disgruntled. There are 27,000,000 farmers living on 6,000,000 farms in the United States. And included in this large segment of the electorate are nearly as many women with votes as men. Farm women are just as dissatisfied as farm men with existing conditions; just as annoyed at the way the conventions cold-shouldered the McNary-Haugen bill, and just as critical as men of the dulcet promises being made by the campaign orators of both great parties. They are as intelligently aware as men that it is one thing to make platform declarations that agriculture is entitled to a square deal—which both Republicans and Democrats have done—and quite another to work out a relief plan which will be as acceptable as the one that was rejected at both Kansas City and Houston. And in its dissatisfaction this contingent of women has so impressed itself upon politicians that all friendly gestures to clarify the stand of the two candidates on the farm problem before election day will be made with the knowledge that they are being subjected to feminine scrutiny and interpretation. For this contingency they are endeavoring to prepare. In Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance he addressed a special "aside" to farmers' wives in which he promised that his plan for relief would eventually bring all the comforts to their homes enjoyed by other women's groups.

So, for the first time in the eight years in which suffrage has been in operation, an organized group of women in the body politic is under discussion in campaign councils. Heretofore women's organizations have been ignored in the election plans of political manipulators who were stage-managing such important dramatic events as presidential elections. All affiliated groups of women have lacked the cohesion, intelligence and efficiency necessary to challenge the interest of practical politicians, when subjected to the acid test of actually delivering votes at the polls. Less than 50 percent of the enfranchised women of the country have ever voted at any election, and no organization of women could be relied on to muster more than 20 percent of its membership to support or oppose any issue. So the "woman's vote" has never been considered as a vital factor in campaign returns. The "unreliability" average of the woman voter is so well known to experts that forecasting the outcome of an election—with their participation in the voting as a consideration—has been reduced to a simple mathematical calculation. Only on the rarest occasions have a sufficient number of women voters ever appeared at the polls to upset the prearranged plans of seasoned politicians.

So when political leaders in both camps singled out the farm woman as worthy of consideration in connection with the election in November, and began analyzing her temper and measuring the strength of her vote as something to be reckoned with in relation to their proposed plans for agricultural legislation, it is quite logical to assume that there is something unusual about this aggregation which distinguishes it from other organized bodies of women.

The explanation of their interest in the farm women's associations is obvious. Their members are in the habit of voting regularly. It has been recently reported by those who have been making a study of the reasons why women will not vote after they fought so long and hard for the right to do so, that farm

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women are the ones who have been making the greatest practical use of their citizenship. This survey reflects very definitely on the integrity of women in every calling, and in every station in life. It shows that millions of them are "gypping" the government out of a vote which, as citizens, they actually owe the commonwealth, when their citizenship obligation is due on election day. But to the general indifference shown by all groups of women to the operation of the Nineteenth Amendment ever since its enactment, farm women have contributed the least. Also in the compilation of reasons why women fail to vote, there are fewer inane excuses credited to farm women than to professional workers, young people with no gainful occupation, business women or those engaged in clerical or domestic duties.

The Republican platform pledged practical, workable relief to agriculture. Hoover has added his assurance that his specific plan answers this requirement. The Democratic platform on which Governor Smith says he stands is vague on the subject of the McNary-Haugen bill, which it did not endorse—but the Democrats are equally insistent that the solution for the farm problem which they offer as a substitute is sane and economically sound. Each party hopes that the plan it has proposed will make plain sailing for its candidate in November. Whether or not they have succeeded in impressing the farm woman, with her vote, is what the henchmen for neither party can discover. The oldest political observer cannot recall a time when the situation in the middle and northwestern state farm group has lent itself so little to prediction as to which candidate will be the favorite at the polls on election day. The cleverest political manipulators also admit the necessity of great caution in every move they make in this disturbed section. Much uneasiness as regards these doubtful states would exist anyhow, under the circumstances, but since it has been pointed out statistically that the farm women, unlike their more indifferent sisters in the North, South, East and West, actually do vote, concern has been growing as to what their reaction will be to the party promises as a substitute for the agricultural bill drafted by the farmers themselves.

It has also been discovered that farm women not only cast their ballots from a sense of duty to the commonwealth, but that they vote intelligently, and with a more definite understanding of the value of a vote than the other women engaged in business, the professions or in domestic service. There are several reasons for this.

In 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment was made part of the constitution, and 27,000,000 women were thrown into the electorate with a stroke of the President's pen, it was the farm women's group which first realized that their vote was something they could use for their own advantage if they learned to handle it intelligently. So in Indiana, the State Association of Farm Women began at once to study the machinery of politics as well as the principles of government, so that the new body of enfranchised women included in its membership would understand how to make practical use of the ballot. Classes were started in many rural communities, a text-book of the simplest character was written by two Indiana women, Martha Block and Helen Benbridge, which was for use in the class work, and well-known speakers from both the Republican and the Democratic parties were commandeered to explain the rudiments of government further. But the main thing was that the farm women practised balloting from the first and learned to vote correctly and effectively.

Laws mean more to women on farms—or at least they seem to affect their lives more definitely—than they do those of housewives in cities. Railroad legislation interests them greatly because the marketing of their farm products depends on transportation. They are concerned over good roads for the same reason. If the mail facilities were so poor that they were unable to send their butter and eggs to consumers at a distance who would pay them a better price, it was to their personal interest to have the service improved. As soon as they could vote they found they had the remedy in their own hands. If they lived in a place where there was an inadequate, poorly ventilated schoolhouse and were determined that their young children should have something better, they discovered they could have it by voting a bond issue. When they wanted their homes and their communities made attractive enough to hold their sons and daughters on the farm, they learned that the acquisition of these essentials to comfort and well-being were bound up in the question of taxation, which could be determined by their manner of voting.

The rural population still outnumbers that of urban centres, and one of the problems of the nation is to keep this balance as it is or to increase it on the rural side, if possible. And the intelligent woman farmer using her voting power, as she has in the past, with the direct intention of making her home a better place in which to live and bring up her children, has been the finest kind of assistant to the country in helping to solve the back-to-the-land problem.

Politicians have just waked up to the fact that the women of rural communities have been actually using their votes for this purpose—to make fit homes for millions of farmers, to make it possible to run farms successfully themselves, to bring dwellers in the cities to the land and keep them content there. Since these women have been able to express their needs and desires through the ballot, they have been taking an equal part with men in determining conditions. Those whose husbands and fathers have recognized the importance of the home to the community well-being and that of the community to the home have had the assistance of the women of the family when it came to voting for improvements. Those women who were working alone without a man on their farms have taken an

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equal share with the unmarried men in determining the legislation which would affect them. And the woman who could get no help from her husband or father in improving her home, or raising her living standards, found that since she had the ballot she could associate herself with other women and vote for tangible improvements in the community which would be reflected in her own home, or would give her facilities for marketing her share of the farm produce which would help her to independence.

Women take agricultural courses in colleges now in almost as many instances as they study domestic science, so that not only has the number of farm women greatly increased in the last decade but they are better trained. Cornell has admitted women to all its classes in animal husbandry and agriculture, and colleges all over the country have followed this lead. There are also various schools where girls can study horticulture, bee-keeping and fruit- and vegetable-growing from a commercial angle. The importance that the Department of Agriculture attaches to the woman on the farm may be gauged by the fact that in conjunction with the land grant colleges of all the states, it maintains a service of home demonstrations in domestic science in more than two-thirds of the counties of the United States. The girls taking courses in the agricultural schools and colleges are turning to farming as a future. They have been trained along modern lines, and are bringing up-to-date ideas to the rural communities in which they settle.

Besides their great concern over agricultural relief measures, farm women are relatively much more exercised about the other campaign issues—prohibition, which is openly discussed, and religion, about which there is much whispering—than women who live in cities. An expression of their opinion on these questions may certainly be expected at the polls in connection with their choice of a President. Theoretically it might be said that the women of the Middle-West farm belt are Protestant and dry and that therefore they can be counted on to vote for Hoover. Well, perhaps they will—but the Republican campaign managers are far from sure.

Another thing which will pile up the women's vote at this election as never before, is the striking personality of the two men who are candidates for the Presidency. Never since women have been voting have two such "homey," understandable men, from a feminine viewpoint, appealed to them for support at the polls. They feel as if they really knew these two candidates personally—not academically as they knew Wilson, Hughes, Coolidge and Davis—and that it would be like treating a friend shabbily not to go out and vote for one or the other of them. This sense of individual obligation generated by the personalities of both Hoover and Smith is doing more to overcome the inertia of the woman voter this year than all the appeals to her patriotism which have been made by leagues of women voters for the past eight.

In this matter of appeal as an individual, Governor Smith has a little the advantage over Hoover with the farm women, in spite of their theoretic preference for a dry and a Protestant. Although it has been pointed out that Governor Smith is from the city streets, and Herbert Hoover from the fields and wide-open spaces, there is nevertheless something so rural about the Smith personality as to make Hoover seem alien and sophisticated in comparison. He has the rugged fearlessness of the pioneer when he plows into his unfair adversaries—the fanatical Volsteadean and the religious bigot—who are attempting to belittle his statesmanship. He speaks the language of the soil more understandably than Hoover—the dust of the sidewalks of New York is not so far removed from the muck of a farm on the banks of the Mississippi—and his wrestle with life has been very like that of the farmers themselves. In his struggle upward human agencies were pitted against him, while they have had to combat the forces of nature—but in a last analysis the farmer and the Smith personality are so curiously akin as to make him rather a romantic figure in the eyes of the farm women of the middle and northwestern states which are listed as doubtful. But whether their personal admiration for the man will be expressed in votes that will tip the scales in his favor on election day is as much of a mystery to the Democratic campaign managers, as whether they will vote for Hoover because he is dry is to the Republican leaders.

Young Girl with a Letter

The postman like Apollo came
  Hard upon the dawn,
He put it in the letter box
  And whistling was gone.

And she who loved to lie abed
  Must rise and look and run,
Her unbound hair all shining gold
  In the early sun.

She trembled in the shady porch
  To see her own name.
Written in his large, strange hand,
  It scarcely seemed the same.

She heard a wood thrush far away,
  An insect humming clear,
And the heavy scent of lilac bloom
  Was very strong and near.

When she had read, she read again
  And folded it away
Where it would crackle pleasantly
  Against her heart all day;

And all day long she hummed a tune,
  All day her feet were light—
But no one guessed the secret thing
  That made her eyes so bright.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK.

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DEMOCRACY IN THE LAND OF PRINCES

By WILLIAM G. FITZ-GERALD

RISING slowly from his gadi, or jeweled throne, with the Viceroy on one side of him and Lady Irwin (in the "very latest"!) on the other, that awesome Sikh tyrant, His Highness Sir Jagatijit Singh Bahadur, Maharajah of Kapurthala, did not mince his words.

This ruler was a figure out of the Arabian Nights, in cloth of gold with the folds of his turban blazing with diamonds of fabulous worth. To this fairy palace of the Punjab, between the rivers Sutlej and Beas, Sir Jagatijit was borne tonight in a golden tower set upon the back of an elephant whose tusks were gilded from jaw to tips, while his swaying bulk was hidden with sky-blue brocades. There were coaches, too, of pure ivory, and bodyguards of mounted troops, some on dromedaries, others on horses with plumed crests, and swords and spears flashing in the glare of fireworks, as the procession passed like a pageant of El-Raschid.

"The most difficult question of our day," the Maharajah began, "is the position of us ruling princes and our native states. We must, I fear, set our own ancient houses in order; we must remove archaic features, and bring our ancestral polities into conformity with the ideas of a very different day."

I was present at that glowing feast. Silken slaves were changing golden plates; other dusky servitors pulled great punkahs to cool a vast chamber that was full of nobles in bright satin with incredible ropes of pearls, such as not even New York or Newport have ever seen. Out in the palmy grounds stood elaborate tents for all the white sahibs and other guests invited to celebrate Sir Jagatijit's jubilee.

What a land of complex wonders this huge India is, with its jumble of 319,000,000 souls, jabbering in 179 different languages and 544 dialects, according to the latest linguistic survey by Sir George Grierson! Isled in this immensity of creeds and castes (with 60,000,000 of the Panchamas, or "untouchables"!) are no fewer than 700 more or less independent principalities ruled by autocrat families—Rajputs, Mahrattas, Shiahs, Marathas and the rest. Some of these dynasties are thousands of years old, and make European royalties loom as the upstarts of yesterday.

The biggest state of all is Hyderabad, with an area about equal to Idaho and a revenue of $15,000,000. The Great Nizam is a Mohammedan, but his people are Hindus. His Highness has his own native parliament; but at his court dwells the usual British resident to restrain excesses of all sorts. Baroda, Gwalior, Kashmir and Mysore are among the larger native states. The Nizam, a prince of lavish and historic splendor, has 13,000,000 subjects: the lesser rulers trail off until we come to an autocrat whose "state" consists only of a few scattered villages.

Yet all these hundreds of princes are very jealous of privilege and rank; this last is strictly shown by the number of "guns" that herald their comings and goings. Many of them rule through a dewan, or prime minister. They are forbidden to make war, or send ambassadors to each other or abroad. Their barbaric and picturesque armies (often in mediaeval armor, with bow-and-arrow footmen that are a joy to see) are strictly limited in number by their British advisers. Some of the princes pay a fixed tribute to the Chakravarti, or King-Emperor, George V; big fellows like Pratap Singh, of Kashmir, can afford to do this out of an income of $1,000,000 a year. Kapurthala, too, has $1,000,000 to play with, plus another $750,000 a year from possessions of the ruling house "outside" in British India. These princes cannot employ any white man without special sanction. Above all, they may be, and often are, deposed altogether, while the British Raj calls a son from the special College of Princes to take the offending father's place on the autocratic throne.

Within these prudent limits, the ancient rulers of India are masters of their own domains. From time to time they have met in general conclave to discuss regal affairs; but in 1921 a formal Council of Princes was established as a permanent consultative body to debate treaties or affairs of common, or imperial concern.

What troubles these rulers above all is the sweeping tide of modern claims which beats at the age-old battlements. About 75,000,000 people dwell in these Indian states; and one of them—Sandur, in Madras—is only 161 square miles in extent, with a revenue of only $30,000 a year. And the Indian prince's weakness for precious stones and great estate is proverbial. I am bound to admit that he needs a guardian to administer states funds, such as the United States ordains today in black Haiti, yellow Santo Domingo and the Malay Philippine Islands.

These more or less autocratic princes and their domains are aloof and adrift in the ocean of modern thought. Their ways of life are a thousand years behind the times; they grieve to see certain of their own regal caste falling away from grace into extravagance that jars upon the more conservative members of these ruling houses.

Sir Tukoji Rao, ex-Maharajah of Indore, married an American girl whom he met in the Casino at Geneva. All the world read of that wedding pageant, whereat Nancy Miller became "Devi Sarmishtha," loaded with jewels, and with red ochre smeared on her bare feet as a pagan Hindu bride. What the Council of Princes said of these weird rites in Barwahi may be dimly imagined!

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The old Maharajah of Benares stays at home. A dignified patriarch of seventy-two, he can still shoot tigers, and has two extra "guns" added to his salute of thirteen as he enters his feudal palace to rule the population of Kansas City. This prince is the typical mossbacker. He describes British proposals of reform as "an attempt to build a twentieth-century constitution on a foundation of the middle-ages."

Very different is the Gaekwar of Baroda. Sir Sayaji Rao, G.C.S.I., favors modern "education," which is anathema to hundreds of his fellow rulers. Worse still, the Gaekwar (whose nation is the size of New Jersey) has registered his colors with the English Jockey Club, and has horses in training at Newmarket! The Council of Princes contrast such conduct as this with the simple life of Vikramshah Patangshah, Rajah of Jawhar, who holds public court under a tree as the father of a poor, illiterate people. This humble prince lends out his own money to promote agriculture on the malki lands. He is only entitled to nine guns, whereas rich Baroda has the full "royal" blast due to the lord of 2,000,000 souls.

Another of the old school is the Maharajah of Idar, who succeeded to a petty throne in 1911 and has the population of Denver to kow-tow to him. This is a fifteen-gun prince, and he has a poor opinion of his subjects. Some of them complained of him recently to the British Raj. For, as these humble ryots say, "The sircar (British power) is a mountain; the Chakravarti (King-Emperor) is both our father and our mother." The prince retorted vigorously, forbidding his prime minister to give any responsible job to the Idarites, who were "selfish, ignorant, and devoid of filial feelings towards their ruler." His misfortune both he and his august father before him on the throne could only attribute to "effects of the native soil of the state"!

A tryant of the old school is the Prince of Alwar who, after his silver jubilee, added another wife "behind the veil." Alwar's subjects murmured over the expense of this new marriage, for which fresh taxes were proposed. Then a big palace which had cost 6,000,000 rupees was suddenly condemned by the amorous Prince. It was being furnished in western style, when Alwar decided that his latest bride might not like its architecture! So it must be pulled down, and rebuilt as an Italian palazzo, such as the Maharajah had seen in Florence. As for the protest over the taxes, Alwar's bellman went through the streets with an escort to forbid assembly "for the discussion of any subject likely to cause disorder," or for "the distribution of any writings relating to such subject."

On the one hand we have a Council of Oriental Princes, living and moving in a feudal past. On the other, we are faced with a startling portent in the Native States Subjects' Conference. This body has an executive of great daring which collected figures on the extravagance of His Highness of Alwar. Thus two-thirds of the total revenue of this tiny state was seen to go into the autocrat's privy purse. Upon motor-cars he spent $187,750, with $137,515 for garages and upkeep. On the lavish kitchen, $56,250 was spent. The total set apart in the budget for the Forest Department was frittered away in shoots and hunts arranged for foreign friends. Lastly, there was no less than $262,500 for entertaining Europeans, regardless of the toiling ryot in his corn-patch.

Against all this, the new rebels set a beggarly item of $37,509 which the haughty Alwar Naresh had parted with for the state's education! Are the appeals of these critics heeded? They are. In 1923 the Maharajah Ripudaman Singh, of Nabha, was called before a British court of inquiry for "using the police and judiciary of the state to oppress individuals." His Highness was "permitted to abdicate" in favor of his four-year-old son; and meanwhile the political officer, Mr. J. Wilson-Johnston, acted as regent. The deposed father was allowed to retain his title, and even his salute of thirteen guns.

But Ripudaman Singh began to plot "agin' the government." One day His Highness was arrested at Allahabad and ordered into exile in Madras. He was now deprived of his title and salute; his pay was cut down to $3,750 a month, which is no figure at all for pearls and state elephants with golden howdahs on their backs.

These petty states offer chances to the writers of romance, with all their intrigues of love and hate; of secret poisonings and feasts, such as led to the abdication of the Maharajah of Indore. Bikanir and Jhol-pur; Bhavnagar and Udaipore; Pudukkotai, Patiala, Jaipur, Bihar and Travancore—these names glow with memories of the golden East; with magic palaces of alabaster, and harems where Yasmini shakes her emeralds in the dance, just as Salome did before Herod.

Yet discord now blows between the moghra flowers of these halls. Trouble arose in the state of Dewas, which since 1841 has been split into two branches between the senior and junior members of the ruling family. The dividing line cuts clear through "Main Street" in this hoary capital; and both princes have a salute of fifteen guns. Yet one night Prince Vikram Singh, heir-apparent of the senior state, fled to the British presidency in Indore in great distress, to claim sanctuary as his life was in danger!

The once docile subjects of these lords are now keenly critical—especially when the lords go off to Paris and London. One democratic journal complained of the Maharanee Indira of Cooch-Behar "spending her time in England hunting and dancing—occupations which are surely not becoming to a widowed Hindu princess!"

What a contrast did this ruler present to Her Highness, the Begum of Bhopal; this is a "nation" rather smaller than Massachusetts, with a revenue of a $1,000,000 and the population of Baltimore. Six years ago the Begum granted a constitution to her people. Then after other reforms, she abdicated in

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favor of her son, who is one of the most enlightened of all modern princes. The young Nawab declared:

> I am deeply impressed with the urgent need of marching with the times. Nobody can deny that ugly clouds are massing on our horizon, or that a storm may burst upon the native states. So, unless we rulers raise solid dams of internal content and good-will, we run the risk of being wiped out of existence.

This young Nawab, with the Maharajahs of Patiala and Nawanagar, has been deputed to visit London and present the "Princes' Case" to the Butler States Inquiry Committee. India's teeming millions outside the native states are seething with demands for reform and new democratic rights. So the principalities cannot remain unaffected by this surge. Yet they are amazingly mixed in creed and caste. India is no simple "country," but a sub-continent, where the Jeffersonian "equality of man" is a concept too fantastic for the mind to grasp. If so much as the shadow of a sudra of the menial order crosses the path of a Brahmin, that gentlemen must undergo purification!

The present problem for the British Raj is to adjust the claims of the native princes to new demands of their mediaeval peoples. For these are at last aroused to a sense of their rights—even as the "untouchables" of Japan are today, as we see by their audacity in throwing petitions as the Mikado passes in the street.

FRAY LUIS DE LEON

By THOMAS WALSH

IT MAY be said without fear of contradiction from any scholar who can read Castilian that Fray Luis de Leon is to classical Christian poetry what Horace signifies to the pagan Parnassus: this pre-eminence of praise has been awarded to the poet of Salamanca not only in Spain and her colonies but throughout the learned worlds of Italy, France, Portugal and Germany.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birthday of this son of Belmonte on Cuenca, celebrated this month, has been in official and scholarly rite as glorious as the ancient celebrations, the monuments and memorials of his career. Royalty and scholarship, the universities and learned societies of the world, have signalized this fourth centenary of the poet's birth in a way that shows that his fame and merits are still considered a precious heritage from the past. In the Plaza of the Schools in Salamanca his bronze image dominates an exquisite little court of plateresque façades, seeming in its rather large proportions to typify that even in death the friar of San Agustín looms too great a personage to be retained within the horizon of what was Spain's greatest university.

Here to the Fortis Salmantina came Luis de Leon at the age of fourteen, and here after two years' residence with his uncle, one of the leading professors of the university, he entered the Order of Saint Augustine, famous in Spain for its scholarship, vision and piety. The encyclopedias give the details of his career as a student and professor: Ticknor, Padre Blanco, Alonzo de Getino, Padre Muiños, Abbé Lugan, J. D. M. Ford, Fitzmaurice Kelley and Aubrey Bell have entered upon the stormy intricacies of the university factions and warring schools of theologians and biblical critics. A gallant part was assigned to Luis de Leon in this troubled period of biblical scholarship following the proclamation by the Council of Trent declaring the Vulgate Bible the official text of the Church. Just what the declaration signified was in question between literalists and mystics, between devout and dogmatic Dominicans and their scattered followers and opponents of the other orders of the Church. The Jesuits had hardly come of age at this crisis, and only later figure on the Spanish theological platform with Suarez, Vasquez and other great theological masters.

Fray Luis de Leon contended that while the Vulgate was to be regarded as the sacred official text, there was no prohibition on scholars to prevent their study, emendation and even correction of disputed passages of the Scripture. The question is as old as the Scriptures themselves and we see it still alive in the studies, researches and comparisons made with the new information and methods of research by the Roman Biblical Commission under Cardinal Gasquet.

The result of these controversies was an imprisonment of some five years in the secret prison of Valladolid and severe trials and punishments for Fray Luis. Charges were heaped upon charges, and were hard to disprove in the scattered state of letters, with difficult communications and the minutiae of legal procedure under the Holy Office. One by one the various allegations of heresy, implicated in the discovery that there was Hebrew blood in the family of the De Leons of Belmonte, were cleared away, and only the charge of having translated parts of the Scripture into Spanish and of having unwittingly permitted them to be circulated, through the theft of his manuscripts, without the proper permissions and authority, remained.

The long ordeal of his solitary imprisonment left Fray Luis de Leon a disillusioned man, a saintly mystic to whom the life of Saint Teresa was first committed. He had already learned the worthlessness of ambitions, had written some of his most masterly works in poetry and in his great treatise on The Names of Christ, when he was absolved and released from prison and returned to his classroom in Salamanca. His first meek words as he opened his lecture were, "Como decíamos ayer—As we were saying yesterday."

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Honors fell thick upon him in his later years, and still his opponents were not altogether silenced. He journeyed much to Granada and Madrid, but does not seem to have stayed overlong at Salamanca. His Augustinian brethren conferred a crowning honor upon him in electing him their provincial of Castile. It was at Madrigal in August, 1591, that ten days later, during a period of torrential rainstorms, this great master of Castilian, this purest modern exemplar of classical poetry, not only of Spain but of the Christian world, passed to his reward.

"There is not a single line of his poetry," says George Ticknor, "which is not exquisite. They are altogether the lyric flower of Spain." In prose, Fray Luis still remained a poet-scholar. There are passages of sublime poetry amid the scholarly chapters of The Names of Christ, there is delicate inspiration in his Perfecta Casada, which might have served Coventry Patmore in his odes on connubial love. The direct sense of nature, so rare in the early literatures, is strong in this lover of country solitudes, breaking forth most purely in his pastoral ecstasies at La Flecha, his monastery farmhouse, and giving us marvelous pictures of the tropical storms at sea, which he was never destined to witness.

It was to Fray Luis that the Mother Ana, friend and companion of Saint Teresa, first committed the manuscripts and letters the saint had left behind. Only his death prevented his fulfilment of this delicate charge. He was also one of the distinguished commissioners engaged in the final discussions regarding the yearly calendar, which was definitely proclaimed by Pope Gregory XIII.

Fray Luis enjoyed and still deserves great reputation among the scholars of the Spanish renaissance; nevertheless it is as a poet that he particularly interests the world of today. It was only toward the end of his life that he collected and edited his poems to which he had applied his hand "rather through inclination of the stars than of any purpose or desire," as a gift for his friend Don Pedro Portocarrero. Our present knowledge of them dates from 1631, when the Spanish satirist and bookman Quevedo printed an edition of them as an offset to the culturanism of his period. The praises of Spain and the outer world of this and other editions have culminated in a veritable cult of Fray Luis, so that we need not be surprised at the enthusiasm of the scholarly Menendez y Pelayo, when, in his Horacio en España, he declares:

> Never has lyric inspiration reached a higher point than in the Salamancan school; nor do I know another poet of our nation comparable to Fray Luis de Leon in this quality. He realized the union of classical form and modern spirit, rivaled but not surpassed by works of the renaissance genius. His genial gifts were remarkable; his taste of the purest; his erudition varied and extensive. From the ancients he learnt purity and sobriety of phrase, and that incomparable "ne quid nimis," so rare in modern literature. He fed his soul with the mystical writers and from them took that loftiness of thought on Divine Unity, that serenity and lucidity and those suave colorings that ceaselessly play across his verse and throughout his prose, which is no less artistic than the former, and in many ways suggestive of Plato.

It is with some temerity that the translator has put his hand to these originals, and out of a collection of Odes and Idyls of Fray Luis de Leon, presents for the first time in English one of the religious odes—To Our Lady:

To Our Lady

Ne'er had we known the Eternal Father's smile,
  Nor on the earth the Son Belovèd gained
To conquer evil's tyranny and wile,
  And hold the pitiless archangel chained:
Our life had been one long complaining while
  The venom of the apple had remained—
Hadst thou not been the handmaid, Virgin, Queen
  And Mother of the Godhead Infantine.

It was His love for man that so constrained
  The Eternal Father as to bid Him send
The one-begotten of His breast, ordained
  To be incarnate in thee. Thou didst bend,
And through thy will salvation was regained
  So all our blessings on thy hands depend.
Because thy love was great, our life is ours,
  God's worthy Mother, mighty are thy powers!

The Father's will, O Virgin, gave us thee,
  Since from thy breast He asked Christ's spotless birth;
Thy will it was that took us for thy fee;
  Thy soul's desire to redeem our worth.
The mother's state in full benignity
  Thou tookst as treasure humbled to the earth;
But for such Mother there had been, indeed,
  A God for Father and for Son decreed.

Thus thy humility enriched the skies
  With thine arising in the heavenly court;
He Who is God alone beyond thee lies,
  And being God, athwart thee holds His port.
The Spirit of the Father thee supplies,
  And to the Word thy bosom was resort;
So that which heaven and earth could never bound
  Within thy holy womb complete was found.

Though thou art Mother, thou art Virgin too;
  Daughter of Adam from the stain preserved;
Of all created the most high, most true;
  Before attaining heaven, thou hast served.
Holy thou art, for it was thine to undo
  The serpent's head beneath thy foot unswerved;
Through God of God, to bow the heavens to earth;
  Through Man of Man, to give earth heaven's worth.

And now thy throne, O Virgin, is in state
  Amid the Trinity perpetual,
Where "Child" the Father thee doth designate;
  "Spouse" saith the Son; the white Dove Spiritual
Claims thee his "well-belovèd, sweetest Mate."
  From heaven thou shedst thy graces over all;
There thy bright joyance; my dim pen would write—
  "Thou art the sum of God's essential light."

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE BOUNDARIES OF CATHOLIC LIBERALISM

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editor:—The correspondence between Mr. Thomas Woodlock and Dr. John A. Ryan, which has appeared recently in The Commonweal, is of great interest. I am sure that much of value will come of it.

I wish, however, to register exception to one implication in Dr. Ryan's letter in your issue of August 8, in which he wrote as follows:

"Why should the consumer be compelled to provide interest not merely upon the money which the capitalist has provided but upon a valuation which has no more substantial basis than an increase in the general price level?"

Now I am sure that Dr. Ryan will maintain, as I do, that increases in the general price level are an all-sufficient basis for the adjustments of wage rates and that the adjustments should be made in proportion to such changes in the price level (i. e., changes in the purchasing power of money). This is a principle of simple justice and needs no amplification or illustration. But if Dr. Ryan means what his question implies, he advocates one standard of justice for adjusting wages, but an entirely different standard for the repayment of those wages if they are saved and invested.

To illustrate this interpretation of Dr. Ryan's question, let us examine the case of one of the many individuals who, in 1914, saved a portion of their wages and invested these savings in the stock of public utilities.

In return for a monopoly right, society limits the earnings of utilities to a "fair return," usually considered to be about 7 percent per year on the *value* of the property, that is, seven *equivalent* dollars per year for each one hundred dollars invested.

By 1920, the general price level had more than doubled. Consequently, the 1914 rates of the utility in which our investor placed his money were yielding only three and one-half equivalent dollars for each one hundred 1914 dollars invested, or only 3½ percent on the true value of the investment. And the investor was promised 7 per cent. Simple justice demanded that the utility be allowed to charge a rate to yield fourteen 1920 dollars for each one hundred 1914 dollars invested. Or, conversely, the allowable rates should have yielded 7 percent in terms of the 1920 dollar value of the property which was probably at least twice as great as the 1914 dollar value.

There is no other view of utility rate adjustments which is consistent with the stand that wage-earners are entitled to the true value of their labor, as determined on the same basis.

Now as for the particular case which Dr. Ryan cites, Public Service Commission of Indiana vs. Indianapolis Water Company, I should like to know where, in the reports of this case, he finds any grounds for the statement that, under the Supreme Court's decision, the Indianapolis Water Company will be getting 30 percent upon its "actual investment." I have failed to find any such evidence. The entire purpose of this case was to determine what the "actual investment" was!

In determining the "actual investment" upon which the Indianapolis Water Company is entitled to a fair return, the Supreme Court merely applied the principle mentioned above, namely, that investors in public utilities are entitled to payment for the use of their money *in terms of the purchasing power of their original investment.*

The only exception to this principle in other recent Supreme Court decisions in similar cases is "where the traffic cannot stand the rates based on such a valuation." (Harvard Business Review, July, 1928, page 498.)

Therefore there is a simple and categorical answer to Dr. Ryan's query, namely, that there is as much justice in adjusting public utility rates in proportion to changes in the general price level as there is in adjusting wage rates on the same basis.

STEPHEN DUBRUL.

(The discussion on The Boundaries of Catholic Liberalism, to which Mr. DuBrul's communication refers, will be concluded in next week's issue of The Commonweal with letters by Dr. Ryan and Mr. Woodlock.—The Editors.)

WHAT CHANCE HAS SMITH?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Charles Willis Thompson is always interesting when he writes about political matters. In the issue of July 18, his usually keen memory seems to have slipped. He says: "There never has been a really close election since 1892."

He has forgetten the election of 1916. On election night in that year most of us went to bed believing Hughes had been elected, for the headlines in the papers so declared. But by the final count in California, it was revealed that Wilson had carried that state by the slender plurality of 3,806, the respective totals being, Wilson, 466,200; Hughes, 462,394. California had thirteen electoral votes. Had Hughes carried the state, his electoral vote would have been 267 instead of 254, and Wilson's would have been 264 instead of 277.

Hiram Johnson, candidate for the United States Senate, was reported as antagonistic to Mr. Hughes. Johnson carried California by a very large plurality. There was nothing close about his election. But, assuredly, a plurality of 3,806 was a very small one and made the presidential contest of 1916 remarkably close.

DR. JOHN G. COYLE.

GOD'S COUNTRY

Quincy, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I have been so impressed from time to time with the versatility and general fund of knowledge held by your editorial staff, that I hesitate writing you. But an admiring friend can and should set us right. So I note in your issue of August 8, in the editorial God's Country, that you mention Rogers and Clark as if there were two persons. This is an error. George Rogers Clark conquered this territory (known then as the Northwest territory) of which Illinois was a part, from the British, they having taken it from the French. The state of Illinois has paid homage to this intrepid military genius of whom the Irish race is proud, by erecting a pretentious monument to him here in Quincy, situated on the bank of the Mississippi River, in the most westerly part of the territory he won for us. Clark was one person—Rogers was his middle name. Perhaps your writer confused his name with Lewis and Clark, of Pacific coast fame. There were two to divide the honors for that expedition.

DR. H. P. BEIRNE.

The title page and index for Volume VII of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VII in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Front Page

CONSIDERED solely as a piece of swift, rhythmic and pulsating staging, Jed Harris's production of The Front Page, by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, stands almost without peer. Until the fatal doldrums of the last third of the last act, it moves with tempestuous fury, with exactly those ominous lulls which lend terror to a storm. I can find no other apt comparison, but this one serves quite well enough, particularly as the rhythm of a storm is probably the least mechanical splendor we are privileged to witness.

But if we are heartless enough to consider The Front Page as a play, it resembles more the debris left behind by a storm. Such a hodgepodge of plot mechanics, vast improbabilities, deliberate hokum and faked sentimentalities one could hardly find in even the most lurid of ancient melodramas; and if one did find them, all lumped together, they would surely be arranged to more telling effect. In other words, the sum total of excitement which certainly seizes the audience at The Front Page is the result of nothing less than a magnificent tour de force of direction, working with a splendid group of actors, which bridges over the weak and almost ridiculous moments of the play with breathless speed, and achieves final illusion by a sleight of hand very much like that of the parlor magician. When the play itself crumbles, the director draws your attention away from the weakness by creating a clatter or a laugh in another quarter. He makes you watch his left hand in the air, while his right hand is fumbling for the rabbit in his coat tails. The result is entertaining, but it is palpable trickery none the less. You enjoy it for the same reason you once enjoyed the tricks of a Keller or a Houdini. You know you are being fooled, but you like it because you are being so well fooled and because you never have time to discover how you are being fooled before the next trick catches you up.

A great deal has been written in the daily press about the flood of profanity which engulfs most of this play; written, one might add, in many cases, with a sort of half apology to the authors for daring to question the good taste of their realism. Now of course this excuse of realism is pure humbug when it comes to the deliberate and constant profaning of the name of God or Christ. We all know—all of us, at least, who have served an apprenticeship in newspaper reporting—that newspapermen in a criminal courts press room are not exactly dainty in their speech. If you are going to be utterly real about them, you are going to put plenty of profanity in their mouths. But you are going to do more—that is, if you're sincere in your passion for realism. You are going to put certain snake-whip vulgarities in their mouths as well, vulgarities of the kind which boys write on back fences to prove they are almost grown up! You are going to be just as willing to offend good taste concerning vulgarities as good taste (and deeper feelings) concerning the name of God. In other words, you are going to be real, right down the line, or resign your job. But these modern humbugs who use a profane oath as freely as a flapper uses face powder are smitten with a sudden coy sensitiveness when it comes to the major vulgarities. True, they call a street walker by her shortest name. They mix up human and canine genealogy with joyous freedom. But they blush and fall dumb when it comes to certain expressions as common in newspaperdom as on the back fences of the land. And that is why I call them humbugs. They use the excuse of realism just so far, and no farther. They use it far enough to make the name of God a football of dialogue; but they shut up like frightened schoolboys before those resounding vulgarities which, to my certain knowledge, are twice as frequent in rough talk as even the most careless and habitual profanities. What these authors and their producers lack is plain, ordinary honesty. They are prime hypocrites. It is time for a great rush of clean wind to sweep away their smoke screen and let them stand naked and puny in the spotlight!

On one other point, however, I want to be very clear. The Front Page, with all its unnecessary and hypocritical profanity, is still about as free from smut and innuendo and sneaky double meanings as any play on Broadway. The story, slight as it is, runs clear and sharp and honestly. There is not the smallest attempt in it to flirt with dirt. Whatever it has to say about the back-stairs doings of Chicago politicians (and, by the way, is the New York City "ring" the only one in the country with enough poetic instinct to adopt a flaming nickname?) that it says honestly and brutally but without a smirk.

This story concerns the escape of a criminal about to be hanged, and the efforts of the Herald-Examiner to make a scoop out of his voluntary surrender. Involved in this situation is the Herald-Examiner reporter, Hildy Johnson. Johnson had every good intention of leaving that night for an advertising job in New York to please his fiancée, who has grown excusably irritated with his hectic newspaper life. But the zest of a gorgeous newspaper story is too much for him. His good intentions fly out of the window just as the escaped criminal crawls in through it, and from then on Hildy wages a battle royal between news instinct and love instinct. The nearest description you can reach of the play is to call it comedy-melodrama, bordering often on farce, and kept hugely alive by the best stage tricks and stage business to be seen in any theatre now open. There is no let-down until that last act when, so to speak, the play turns quite "lovely" and hopelessly inept.

The acting, for the most part, is thoroughly on a par with the super-expert direction of Messrs. George S. Kaufman and Jed Harris. If Lee Tracy, as the much-torn Hildy Johnson, is not quite as engaging as when he played the hoofer in Broadway, it is only because the part itself is somewhat softer and less sharply defined. William Foran, Willard Robertson and Tammany Young make as delightful a trio of roughneck reporters as you could discover in a nightmare, and Walter Baldwin and Joseph Spurin-Calleia sustain two other character parts to perfection. Claude Cooper as the bootlicking sheriff effects such a transformation of his well-known personality as to make a glance at the program imperative. Little Dorthy Stickney slightly overdoes the melodramatic anguish and terror of a street walker involved with the escaped criminal. Frances Fuller is more realistic in the very unsatisfactory part of Hildy's fiancée. The supreme characterization of the entire piece, however, is Osgood Perkins's as the fanatical and rowdy managing editor of the Herald-Examiner. If there are two better character actors in New York than Osgood Perkins and Edward G. Robinson (the latter deserves a play of his own) I cannot, at this writing, remember their names. (At the Times Square Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Mr. Marshall's Windmill

The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State, by Charles C. Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

DISSATISFIED apparently with the result of his debate with Governor Smith last year in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Marshall returns to the subject here in an elaborate brief of fourteen chapters. His avowed purpose is to show that in doctrine and organization the Catholic Church is essentially opposed to the principles and purposes embodied in the constitution of the United States. The root of the conflict he traces to what he believes to be Catholic opposition to the separation of Church and state. In keeping with its purely polemical and political character, the book is an arraignment of Catholic teaching and practice from the standpoint of one who considers himself an orthodox representative of American political philosophy. The author admits there is lack of logical order in the presentation of the subject, and prefers to consider his chapters "as so many essays, connected in subject but having a certain detachment."

The essence of his argument is contained in the first chapter, in which he charges Catholics with accepting the doctrine that political questions are moral questions, and inasmuch as the Church requires conformity to its moral code, with including in the obligation of obedience in moral things the obligation also of obedience in political affairs. Such a system, he argues, is in conflict with American principles. "The modern state, as represented, e. g. in the United States of America, makes the consent of the governed the essential condition of government. It requires that all civic questions, moral or otherwise, shall be decided by its people in the exercise of a free moral consciousness and a free individual conscience."

The erroneousness of such a method of argumentation is obvious in the first place from the fact that the purpose of the Church has never been other than to enlighten, not to constrain, conscience, and, it goes without saying, that education promotes rather than hampers a free moral consciousness and a free individual conscience. It may be that we do not understand what Mr. Marshall means by a free moral consciousness. In the second place, the application of such a view of conscience as seems to be here implied, would debar from the status of good citizenship any group in a state who accept a fixed moral code or subscribe to any definite ethical system. The doctrine of the free individual conscience, as here insisted on, would be equally applicable to all who profess to follow the Christian code. Mr. Marshall attempts to weaken the force of such a challenge by invoking the power of what he designates as "sovereignty in the Church of Rome." "The sovereignty of the Roman Church is, in theory, derived from God alone, and its powers are alone conferred by Him. It is, in theory, a sovereignty by Divine right—*jure divino*—and, therefore, something more than a church; it is a political community without a political superior at all vital points, and, therefore, it is a political sovereignty."

Here the author takes for granted just what he is supposed to prove. He loses sight of the essential distinction between the temporal and spiritual spheres, which is the very basis of the American system, and fails to see that if the state renounces all control over religion, the principle of authority in religion is not thereby destroyed. The American principle of government by which Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, can

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by no stretch of the imagination be made to mean that a church organization is debarred from establishing a polity suited to the purpose of securing its own spiritual aims and objects. The fact that Congress may not enact religious legislation is an open avowal of civil renunciation in matters of religious organization. The contention that "sovereignty in the Church of Rome is distinguished from that of other churches, because the latter impart their instruction to members as opinion" hardly does justice to those churches which have fixed creeds and confessions, and overlooks the heresy trials which have been so numerous in recent years in Protestant denominations and the bitter controversy between the Fundamentalists and Modernists.

In the third chapter the author voices his fears that if the majority of American citizens were converted to the Catholic faith, and if the teaching and doctrines of the Catholic Church were to be observed, constitutional changes and amendments would necessarily follow. No evidence whatever is adduced in support of this entirely gratuitous assumption, no Catholic utterance is quoted to show that Catholicism is at variance with the principles of the constitution. Had the author reflected on the history of popular sovereignty, the keynote of American political life, he would readily have seen how groundless such fears really are in view of the influence of the Church on the growth of political institutions. In a recent Johns Hopkins study (Mattern, Concepts of State, Sovereignty and International Law, page 23) we are told, "the theory of popular sovereignty . . . owes its existence, strange as it may seem, to the mediaeval struggle between the spiritual and mundane rulers for political supremacy in the universal empire." This conclusion is entirely in accord with the findings of all recent students in the fields of political philosophy. There is not much danger that the Church in the twentieth century will abandon its mediaeval offspring.

The remaining chapters of the work are devoted to an examination and analysis of the Pastor Aeternus, the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX, the encyclical Immortale Dei, to a discussion of Democracy in the Law and Government of the Church of Rome, Freedom of Conscience and Toleration, and to arguments on those questions which form what is referred to here as the "twilight zone" and which others designate as matters of mixed jurisdiction, marriage, politics and education. In dealing with the official utterances of the authorities of the Catholic Church, Mr. Marshall might have remembered that in construing documents of a legal character the first duty of the commentator is to establish the intent of the legislator. No proof is adduced to show that these papal enactments were intended to apply to American conditions or that the teachings and conditions to which they were directed were in any way similar to what are found here today. In regard to the "twilight zone" matters, those things in which the spheres of Church and state overlap, no inherent incompatibility has been shown to exist between Catholic claims and American conditions. That there are subjects of mixed jurisdiction no one will deny, but they call for future adjustment rather than for continual conflict. If we are to suppose that Mr. Marshall accepts the monistic idea of the state, we can easily understand his objection to the Catholic stand on these matters of mixed jurisdiction, but what he says against the Catholic standpoint will apply, in that case, with equal force to trade unions and large corporations.

The phraseology and language employed in setting forth the Catholic side of things is not altogether familiar to Catholics as when, for instance, we read of obedience "de fide" and juris-

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diction "de fide." In fact the author seems to be obsessed with this phrase "de fide." It is used in season and out. He speaks of the rights of the Church as exclusive and absolute (page 51) and he speaks of the authority of the Church as absolute. Catholics would qualify such statements. "The claim of the sovereignty of the Pope had destroyed the unity of the Church and separated it into East and West, Roman and Protestant." Substitute "state" for "Pope" in this sentence and the author would have written good history. The condescending condonation of the ignorance of "Catholics who have never acquainted themselves with the doctrines of their Church as set forth in the pontifical encyclicals or in the exposition of authoritative scholars" is an implied rebuke to the heads of the Church where such ignorance exists, and if it is necessary to correct such a glaring deficiency, Mr. Marshall will, no doubt, be glad to volunteer his services. Wherever infallibility is lacking he can supply it without much effort.

The work is the plea of a clever lawyer. It is a legal rather than a historical statement. The work of the historian, it is true, is very similar to that of the lawyer, but the work of the historian is finished only when his function of prosecuting attorney and counsel for the defense is expressed in judicial form according to the technique of science, not that of the courts.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

The Perfect Art

Terpander, by Edward J. Dent. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

NOW that Terpander is celebrated once again by Dr. Dent's labors, it is too much to expect of him to have as brightly checkered a career as was his lot in classical Greece. But there is need of a man of Terpander's qualities in the world of contemporary music, though to be sure the creative branch hardly lacks such men if we stop to consider for a moment the vitality of Strauss, Stravinsky and Schönberg—which, I venture to say, changes the face of musical history from the three B's to the three S's. Or again, there is right in our American midst the primordial qualities of Varèse's music, which comes even nearer the heart of Terpander than the ascetic Schönberg, the decorative Stravinsky or the naturalist Strauss.

Dr. Dent takes us forthright to the bone of contention in "modern" music by burning the idea of arbitrarily dating music with periodic "isms." Throughout history, there have been but two kinds of music: good and bad. It is necessary for our perspective on contemporary activity to take so transcendental a position occasionally.

To be applauded also is the rapidity with which the author guides the reader through his remarkable panoramic view of the history of music. This crisp style leaves nothing vital unaccounted for.

There is, unfortunately, a different tale to be told of the author's examination of contemporary trends. This is the impetus of the book—in fact, of the Today and Tomorrow series. Was it too much to expect that the tenor of the series, struck by the bristling speculations of Bertrand Russell and Viscount Haldane, be continued throughout? Dr. Dent's speculations on the future of music are unconsciously "slanted." May Allah forbid, but this reviewer is not a native of Chicago: nevertheless in the interest of clarifying this work for American readers, it should be borne in mind that our author is an eminent British musicologist, and that England is making some significant contributions to contemporary music after cen-

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turies of musical lethargy. To be sure, Dr. Dent is not guilty of the common, self-defeating brand of log-rolling; as a matter of fact few modern composers are even mentioned by name. My point can perhaps be best put by recalling the British propensity to philosophize on art—to such an extent that the art under consideration is lost sight of. Even in their creative efforts their prominent virtue is eclecticism, but in turn its vice is indefiniteness.

One cannot ignore, then, the suspicion that Dr. Dent muffed the big opportunity offered him by such a book in this particular series. He regrets that modern music lost contact with the public—in the face of a world "gone jazz"! The only brief I hold for jazz is that it is more seductive than any opera or violin and piano sonata of today's vintage.

Insofar as modern music is in line with the truth of old music it propagates itself, truth being its own propagator. The public do not appreciate the masters of modern music simply because they have no chance to. How can they appreciate what they have not heard? But like most musicologists, Dr. Dent unconsciously solicits appreciation for the materia critica of music rather than for the music itself.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Alice in Dunderland

Alice in the Delighted States, by Edward Hope. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

ANYTHING written by Mr. Edward Hope is entertaining and amusing to read, and the present volume is no exception. It is a charmingly humorous sketch of the many things which strike a foreigner as slightly incomprehensible in our country. Without touching, except here and there, on the everlastingly controversial subject of prohibition, he passes in review many of our absurdities, and more than one of our political blunders and political inefficiencies. And although he makes us feel that with the help of money one can get away with a good many things, yet he does not leave us under the impression that everything is corruption in the Delighted States, as many tactless humorists would undoubtedly have done. In this respect the book stands alone among a mass of more or less witty sarcasms which both good and bad writers have been hurling for a good many years at our national institutions.

There are some absolutely delicious pages in this little book, such for instance as those concerning Alice's trial, which ought to be read from beginning to end. The chapter entitled A Very Cross Examination is one of the cleverest satires on the manner justice is handled in a court of law I have ever come across. The appearance of the three Crocodiles, supposed to represent alienists, is one of the best things Mr. Edward Hope has ever written and his remark that "they're the best alienists money can buy," recalls at once the many famous trials during which science in the person of several alienists waged long battles in order to come to no conclusion.

It is altogether a delightful book, which would be even more so if it were shorter. It is impossible to be funny all through three hundred odd pages, and on the whole Mr. Hope has performed a kind of journalistic miracle in remaining amusing for such a length of time. Because, and this is what I ought to have said from the very beginning, Alice in the Delighted States is nothing but a compilation of his column in the Herald Tribune, and its treatment is essentially a journalistic performance, and an exceedingly amusing one into the bargain.

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An Infant Prodigy at Sea

The Voyage of the Norman D., as told by the cabin-boy, Barbara Newhall Follett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT, aged thirteen, is not the usual unusual child, but an unusual child to whom has been added the quantity x, consisting of leave on the part of her parents to be wholly herself, to be unusual without being meddled with. The extent to which this element of freedom conditioned her natural gifts doubtless provides ground for more discussion between the liberal on the one hand and the conservative and formal educators on the other. But a child of such literary gifts and such spontaneous insight is beyond the pale of educational theories; for genius, like murder, "will out." Probably the kernel of the self-expression problem is that the child's expression will be genuine and natural when the child is surrounded by love and harmony; and warped, misdirected, when it is not.

Barbara has obviously lived a happy thirteen years. Of formal schooling, we are assured, she has had none. With self-chosen books and quaint characters and the fanciful spirit of her own soul she has become familiar at her pleasure. She is no tyro at book-writing, either, having published at the age of twelve a fantasy entitled The House without Windows, which received high praise, one critic even linking her with Walter de la Mare.

Her latest adventure was getting aboard a lumber schooner and cruising from New Haven up to Nova Scotia, and this book is all about how she found this wild piratical sailor business. Unself-conscious as only a child could be, sensitive and observant to the core, enthusiastic and fancy-free, she embarks on the cruise completely under the spell of the sea and the mysterious ways of the ships and the men that ride it. The naïve magic with which her heart invests the sailors and their little schooner is communicated to her detailed account of the voyage; and, as pictured by Barbara, the sea becomes a vast plain of ever-changing wonder, the ship and its sheets and rigging an enchanted thing of splendor, and the sailors become piratical or whimsical or just plain human beings, depending upon the mood they induce in their self-dubbed "cabin-boy." Once upon a time we all knew that the sea and its inhabitants were strange with the beauty that Barbara gives them. But our eyes were opened, fancy frightened out, and we forgot. We need a little girl like Barbara to show us, if only for the instant, how true to our old dreams a thing like a ship can be; and how wonder turns to wisdom if the heart be free and gay, be the wonderful thing a flying jib or only a rusty old anchor that looks like a skeleton at the moment when its arms first poke out of the water.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

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